

MARVEL

HYPERION



006

**WENDIG
VIRELLA
LAMING
FAJARDO**

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HYPERION

HYPERION IS THE LAST SURVIVOR OF HIS UNIVERSE. BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS WORLD, HE LIVED BY THREE PRECEPTS: TRUTH WITHOUT COMPROMISE, THOUGHT WITHOUT ERROR AND ALL THINGS FOR THE BETTERMENT OF THE WHOLE. BUT NOW HE IS UNSURE OF HIS PLACE IN THIS NEW WORLD. IS HE A HERO? A MURDERER?

JUNIOR--CRIME LORD, MASTER OF THE CARNIVAL
HYPERION'S NEW FRIEND--ISN'T DEAD. HE'S COMING
WON'T LET HYPERION STAND IN HIS WAY.

AND FATHER TO DOLL,
TO CLAIM WHAT'S HIS AND

BUT JUST AS DOLL'S PAST IS COMING BACK TO HAUNT
HIS EXECUTION OF NAMOR HAS FINALLY BROUGHT
IN THE IRON MAN ARMOR WITH THE MISSION
ACCOUNTABLE FOR MURDER.

HER, SO TOO IS HYPERION'S.
TONY STARK TO HIS DOOR
OF HOLDING HYPERION

WITH THUNDRA BY HIS SIDE, HYPERION MUST
JUSTICE TO JUNIOR--AND WHETHER OR NOT HE
SAME KIND OF JUSTICE.

DECIDE HOW TO BRING
SHOULD BE SUBJECT TO THE

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"I WANT TO BE A BETTER PERSON."

THE MOTEL.

"I WANT TO BE A BETTER PERSON."

HEY, THERE HE IS.

MARC. HYPERION. BIG GUY.

I WAS JUST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND I HEARD THAT MY OLD PAL WAS KICKING AROUND, SO I THOUGHT I'D SWING BY AND SAY "HEY."

SO, HEY.

THROUGH ALL OF THIS, THAT IS THE THOUGHT GOING AROUND AND AROUND INSIDE MY HEAD.

RRRRRRRR

OH, ALSO? WHILE I'M HERE? PEOPLE ARE STILL KINDA TWITCHY OVER THAT WHOLE KILLING NAMOR THING.

SO I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO COME WITH ME. YOU KNOW, FOR JUSTICE, AND WE CAN DO THIS THE EASY WAY OR THE OTHER WAY.

COOL?

COOL.

I WANT TO BE BETTER.

BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN.







YOU ARE
Distracting
me.

LEAVE US
ALONE.

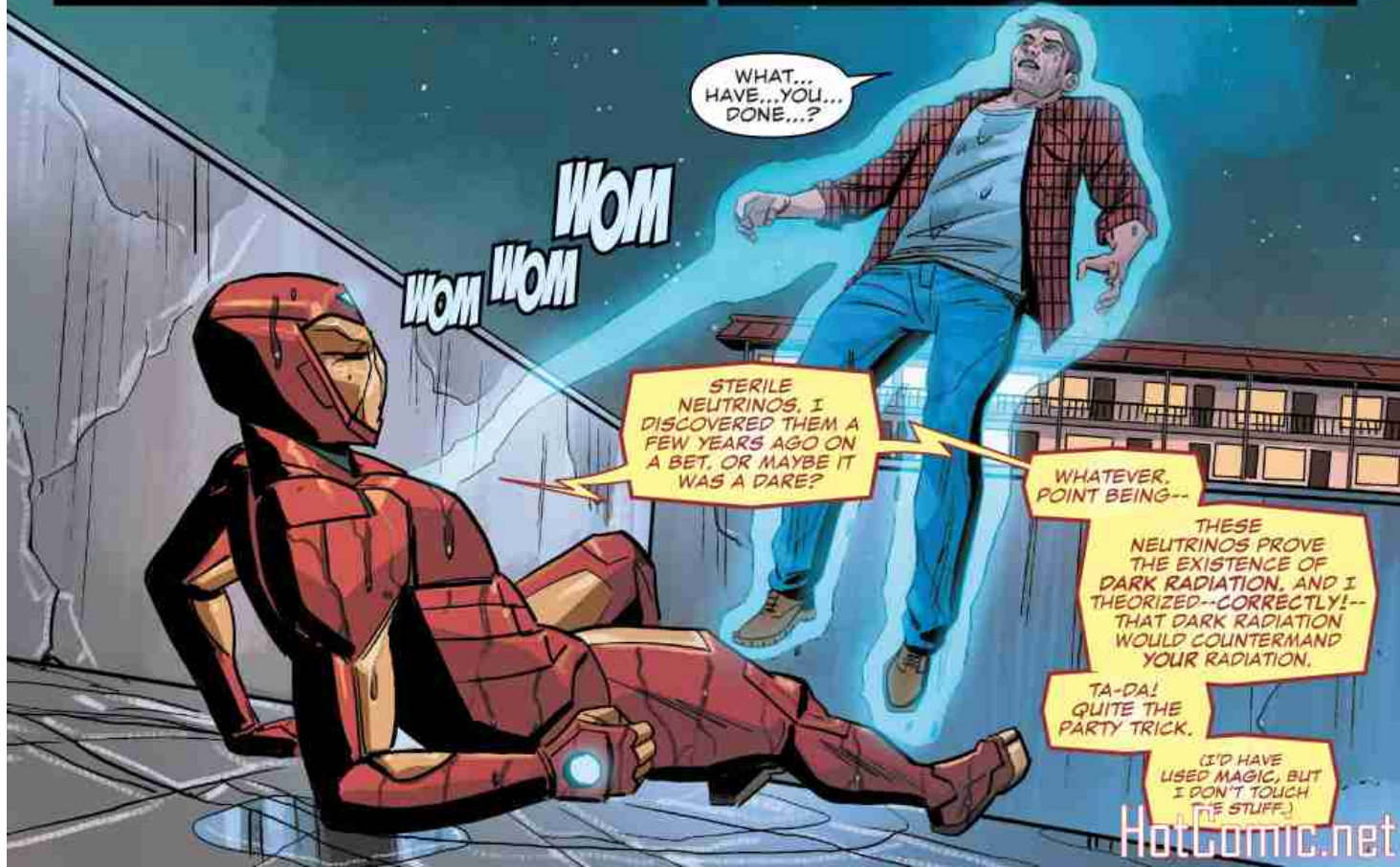
SPEAKING OF--
NNGH--OW--
Distractions?

KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT STERILE
NEUTRINOS?



WH-
WHAT?
I KNOW
QUITE A
BIT ABOUT
THEM.

OF
COURSE
YOU DO.



WHAT...
HAVE...YOU...
DONE...?

WOM
WOM WOM

STERILE
NEUTRINOS. I
DISCOVERED THEM A
FEW YEARS AGO ON
A BET. OR MAYBE IT
WAS A DARE?

WHATEVER,
POINT BEING--

THESE
NEUTRINOS PROVE
THE EXISTENCE OF
DARK RADIATION. AND I
THEORIZED--CORRECTLY!--
THAT DARK RADIATION
WOULD COUNTERMAND
YOUR RADIATION.

TA-DA!
QUITE THE
PARTY TRICK.

(I'D HAVE
USED MAGIC, BUT
I DON'T TOUCH
THE STUFF.)













I CAN SEE THE
MOTES OF DUST
AND POLLEN IN THE
AIR VIBRATE.



JUNIOR IS
COMING. AND HE
HAS AN ARMY.

AN ARMADA, A
FLEET OF HIS
WORST AND
MOST HEINOUS
SOLDIERS.

THEY'RE
HUMAN. I
CAN FIGHT
THEM.

BUT AT
WHAT
COST?

I NEED TO DO MORE
THAN FIGHT. JUNIOR
WILL COME BACK.
AGAIN AND AGAIN.



THEY'RE
HERE. AND I
HAVE A PLAN.







BUT GOOD AND BAD, MORAL AND EVIL, THOSE ARE SIMPLE IDEAS FOR SIMPLE CREATURES.

AND I AM NOT A SIMPLE CREATURE.

HEY THERE, PRETTY BOY. YOU GOT SOMETHING THAT'S MINE.

YOU DON'T OWN HER.



"I'M THE PATERFAMILIAS."



"BLOOD CALLS TO BLOOD."



"IT JOINS WITH IT."



"MY BROTHER'S DEAD, BUT MY DAUGHTER'S ALIVE."



YOU'RE STANDING IN THE WAY OF A PROPER FAMILY REUNION...

...AND THAT I WILL NOT ABIDE.





I CAN BE NO
BETTER THAN I
ALREADY AM.



AND I AM
A GOD.





APPLETOWN,
WISCONSIN.
LATER.

I WAS
AFRAID THAT AFTER
SUCH A MAGNIFICENT
DISPLAY OF POWER
YOU HAD SECOND
THOUGHTS AND
LEFT ME.

I WOULD
DO NO SUCH
THING.

WHERE TO, OH GLORIOUS
CONSORT OF MINE?

I KNOW
THAT MY FATHER
IS DEAD, BUT
PERHAPS THIS WORLD
HAS ITS OWN
VERSION.

AND I'D
LIKE TO FIND HIM
IF ONLY TO
UNDERSTAND.

MAYBE
THAT'S ALL WE
EVER REALLY WANT,
TO UNDERSTAND OUR
PARENTS AS CHILDREN,
AND OUR CHILDREN
AS PARENTS.

AND
WHAT ABOUT
JUNIOR?

"HE'S
GONE FAR,
FAR AWAY."

**NEW YORK CITY.
MEANWHILE.**

"DOLL WILL BE FINE,
SHE IS STRONG, AND
NOW, SHE IS SAFE."

-SIGH-

YOU
THINK THIS
WILL REALLY
WORK?

YOU HAVE
PLENTY OF
MONEY--

--THANKS
TO ME,
AHEM--

--AND THE COURT
WILL HAVE NO CHOICE
BUT TO EMANCIPATE
YOU. WE CAN'T PROVE
JUNIOR IS DEAD, SO
EMANCIPATION IS THE
BEST POSSIBLE
OUTCOME. YOU'RE
OLD ENOUGH,
CAPABLE.

BESIDES,
I'M VOUCHING
FOR YOU. WHAT
MORE DO YOU
NEED?

PANT
PANT
PANT

THANKS, FOR
EVERYTHING,
MR. STARK. YOU
DIDN'T HAVE
TO.

I'M
AWESOME,
I KNOW.

SO, UH,
YOUR FRIEND,
HE'S NOT GOING
TO HONOR HIS SIDE
OF THE DEAL,
IS HE?

I
DOUBT IT.
SORRY.

I STILL
HAVE TO
BRING HIM TO
JUSTICE.

YOUR
FUNERAL.

YOU EVER
GONNA NAME
THIS MUTT OR
WHAT?

COULD
CALL HIM TONY,
OR STARKY-POO,
OR IRON
HOUND.

YEAH,
NO. I THINK
I'LL CALL
HIM...
...MARC.

END.



Starting this series, we decided to take Hyperion on a journey not so much about redemption but definitely about reflection and self-discovery--while also throwing at him an unholy host of heartland horror weirdness. I like to think that what resulted was a strange and improbable book, and I'm proud of it. Hyperion has come out both the same and different, and I'm eager to see where he goes from here. (Just as I'm eager to see where I go from here, too!)

I have to thank Katie Kubert, Alanna Smith and Christina Harrington for giving me a shot and shepherding this book into existence. And huge epic freeze-frame high-fives to Nik Virella, Romulo Fajardo Jr., Ario Anindito, Elizabeth Torque, and Marc Laming for giving life to this story. And thanks most of all to the readers and fans. It's been an honor. Thanks for reading. Hope to see you again.

--Chuck



